OBSERVATIONS
UPON
ANTHROPOSOPHIA THEOMAGICA,
AND
Anima Magica Abſcondita.

By ALAZONOMASTIX PHILALETHES

alias Dr. Henry More.

Pſalm.

They reel to and fro, and ſtagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits end.

Printed at *Parrheſia*, but are to be ſold, by *O. Pullen* at the Roſe in *Pauls* Churchyard, 1650.

To *Eugenius Philalethes* the Authour of *Anthroposophia Theomagica*, and *Anima Magica Abscondita*.

SIR,

THE *Great deserved fame that followed this noble work of yours (the due recompense of all eminent performances) engaged me to peruse the same, with much eagernesse of minde, and yet with no lesse attention; I being one of those, that professe themselves much more willing to learn, then able to teach. And that you may see some* specimen *of the fruits of your labour and my*

proficiency, I thought fit to present you with these few Observations. Which, considering the barrennesse of the Matrix, (as you Chymists love to call it) in which they were conceived, may bee termed rather many then few: And that imputed to the alone vertue, or Magicall Multiplication, or Theomagicall fecundity of your Divine Writings, not at all to the sterility of my disfurnished Braine. Which now notwithstanding, having gathered both warmth and moisture from the heat and luxuriancy of your youthfull phansie, findes it selfe after a manner transformed into your owne complexion, and translated into the same temper with your selfe. In so much that although I cannot with the height of a protestation in the presence of my glorious God (as your self has gallantly done (in pag. 50. lin. 17. of Anthropos. Theomag.) affirme (that the affection and Zeal to the truth of my Creatour has forced

me

mee to write, yet I dare profeſſe in the word of an honeſt man, that nothing but an implacable enmity to immorality and foolery, has moved mee at this time to ſet pen to Paper. And I confeſſe my indignation is kindled the more, having ſo long obſerved that this diſeaſe is grewn even Epidemicall in our Nation. viz. to deſire to bee filled with high-ſwoln words of vanity, rather then to feed on ſober truth, and to heat and warm our ſelves rather by prepoſterous and fortuitous imaginations, then to move cautiouſly in the light of a purified minde and improved reaſon. Wherefore I being heightened with the ſame Zeale of diſcountenancing of vanity and conceitedneſſe, that your ſelfe is of promoting the truth, you will permit to mee the ſame freedome in the proſecution thereof. For as wee are grewne near akin in temper and complexion, ſo we ought mutually to allow each other in our actings alike, according

to

to our common temper and nature, and the accustomed liberty of the Philalethean *Family. In confidence whereof, till wee meet againe in the next page, I take leave and subscribe my selfe,*

A Chip of the same Block

Alazomomastix Philalethes.

Obſervations

Obſervations upon Anthroposophia Theomagica, and Anima Magica Abſcondita.

AND now, brother *Philalethes*; that we are ſo well met, let us begin to act according to the freeneſſe of our tempers, and play the Tom Tell-troths. And you indeed have done your part already. My courſe is next. Which muſt be ſpent, in the *Obſervations* I told you of, upon thoſe profound Treatiſes of yours, *Anthroposophia Theomagica*, and *Anima Magica Abſcondita*.

And my firſt and generall Obſervation is this, That the genius of my brother *Eugenies* Magicall diſcourſe is ſuch, that *Simon Magus*-like, he ſeems to have a very

liquoursome desire to be thought to be μέγας τις, some great man in the World. And for the prosecution of this main end, he layes himself out chiefly in these three subordinate designes. First, to be thought to have found out some new concerning truths, hitherto undiscovered. Secondly, to be more learned and knowing then *Aristotle*, that great light of these European parts for these many hundred years together: and not only so, but to be so far above him, that he may be his Master, that he may tew him, and lugge him, and lash him more cruelly, then any *Orbilius* or cholerick Pedagogue, his puny scholars. Thirdly and lastly, that he may strike home for the getting of a fame of profound learning indeed, he do's most affectedly and industriously raise in the Reader a strong surmise and suspicion that he is very deeply seen in Art Magick, and is a very knowing Disciple of *Agrippa*, and puts in as far for the name of a Magician, as honesty will permit, and safety from that troublesome fellow, *Hopkins* the Witch-finder.

And indeed the very clatter of the title of his Book, *Anthropopsophia Theomagica*, sounds not much unlike some conjuration, or charm, that would either call up, or scare away

away the Devill. And *Zoroaſter* forſooth, at the bottome of the page, that old reputed Magician, muſt ſtand as an Aſſiſtent to this preludiall Exorciſm; with this Oracle in his mouth, Κλῦθι πυρὸς φωνὴν, *Audi ignis vocem.* That is in plaine Engliſh, Hear the voice or noiſe of fire. Methinks I ſmell out a Gunpowder-plot. What can this voice of fire be? Why! how now *Anthroposophus*! you intend certainly to make the Roſy Brotherhood merry with ſquibs and crackers. For certainly your Myſteriouſneſſe does not mean thoſe leſſer or greater fire-ſquirts, Carbines or Cannons. So might the *Fratres R. C.* be received with like ſolemnity that thoſe Apoſtles at *Rome*, the Cardinals. But the word σκιρτῶν, (which implyes a ſubſultation, or skipping this way and that way) which is in the context of this Oracle, ſeemes to allude to, and prognoſticate of fire-crackers and ſquibs rather then Cannons or Carbines. But how ever if this dog-trick fail, *Anthroposophus* has another as puerile and innocent a preſent, to entertain that Reverend Fraternity. And that's a very queint and trim Latine Epiſtle, which he, like a good School-boy, to ſhew them what a good Proficient he is grown in his Latine Grammar,

presents to their assembled Gravities. 'Tis a good child, *Anthroposophus*! and 'tis well done. *Qui nescit obedire nescit imperare.* He that knows not how to submit himself in the form of a breeching boy to the *Fratres R. C.* how can he know so unmercifully to whip and domineer over poor *Aristotle*?

Surely, *Anthroposophus*! when the Rosy brethren, ride swooping through the Air in their Theomagicall chariots, they will hail down sugar plums, and Carua's on thy blessed pate, if thou hast but the good hap at that time, to walk abroad with thy hat off, to cool thy heated nodle.

But stay a while, I am afraid I am mistaken. It may well be, that *Anthroposophus* rides along with them, as being the Proloquutour of their Assembly. For he writes himselfe *Oratoris vestri.* How can that belong to a short Epistle, unlesse it were some title of office? But it may be my Gentleman, being not so dextrous and quick in Latine as in English, measured the length of it more by his labour then the lines, and thought that that which took him so much pains could not prove so little as an Epistle; and therefore would insinuate that it was an Oration made to the *Fratres R. C.*

I suppose at their meeting at Fryer *Bacons* braſen head in *Oxford*.

Well! be it what it will be, my obſervation here, *Anthroposophus*, is, that you would alſo by your addreſſe to the *Fratres R. C.* make the world beleeve, that you are now mellowing apace, and are not much unripe for admiſſion into that Society. And then *Anthroposophus* would be a rare Theomagician indeed. But enough of this vein of mirth and levity.

Now *Philalethes*! your brother Tel-troth, intends to fall more cloſely on your bones, and to diſcover whether you have not a greater minde to ſeem to be wiſe then to be ſo indeed, or to make others ſo. But yet you may aſſure your ſelf, I will only find flaws not make any in you; but rather candidly paſſe over what may receive any tolerably good interpretation, nor touch the ſoar any where, but where I may hope to heal it, either in your ſelf or others. And that this may be done without any tedious taking a peeces of what you have put together, I ſhall fairly paſſe from page to page without any Analytical Artifice.

And truly from the firſt page to middle of the fourth page of yo

to the Reader, there be many pretty, ſmart, elegant, humorous contextures of phraſes and things. But there, preſently after Fryer *Bacons* Fool and his fellow, you fall upon our Peripateticks as ſuch ſuperficiall Philoſophaſters, becauſe they cannot lay open to you the very eſſence of the ſoul. Why! *Anthropoſophus!* can you tell the very eſſence of any ſubſtantiall thing? Hereby you ſhow your ſelf very raw and unexerciſed in meditation, in that you have not yet taken notice what things are knowable, what not. And thus may you have as ill a trick put upon you, for want of this diſcerning, as the old dim and doting woman had, that with her rotten teeth endeavoured to crack a round pebble ſtone inſtead of a nut, which was a thing impoſſible. Nor will any mans underſtanding, be it as ſharp as it will, enter the bare eſſence of any thing. But the neareſt wee can get, is, to know the powers, and operations, the reſpects and fitneſſes that things have in themſelves or toward others. Which is ſo true, that any man in a little ſearch, will preſently ſatisfie himſelf in the evidence thereof.

From the middle of this fourth page to the middle of the ſix, is continued a dance

of

of Anticks, or various ridiculous ſhiftings and poſtures of phanſie, to make *Ariſtotle* and his followers contemptible. But ſuch generall railings, as they are miſ-beſeeming the Writer, ſo they teach the Reader nothing but that the Authour of them is a Mome, or a Mimick, and more like an Ape by far then him that he compares to one. If this man clap the wings ſo when hee has really got the foil (for hitherto hee has charged *Ariſtotle* with no particular piece of ignorance, but of what is impoſſible to be known) what would he doe if he had the victory?

The ſecond particular taxation(for generals I hold nothing, *Doloſus ambulat in univerſalibus*) is that the Peripateticks fancy God to have made the World, as a Carpenter of ſtone and timber. But this is falſe: becauſe they give an inward principle of motion to all naturall bodies, and there is one continuity of all, as much as of the parts of water among themſelves. But their grand fault is, that they doe not ſay the World is Animate. But is not yours far greater, *Anthropoſophus!* that gives ſo ridiculous unproportionable account of that Tenet? The whole World is an Animal, ſay you, whoſe fleſh is the

earth, whose bloud is the water, the air the outward refreshing spirit in which it breaths, the interstellar skies his vitall waters, the Stars his sensitive fire. But are not you a mere Animal your self to say so? For it is as irrationall and incredible, as if you should tell us a tale of a Beast whose bloud and flesh put together, bears not so great a proportion to the rest of the more fluid parts of the Animal, suppose his vitall and animal spirits, as a mite in a cheese to the whole globe of the earth. And beside this, how shall this water which you call bloud, be refreshed by the air that is warmer then it? And then those waters which you place in the outmost parts towards his dappeld or spotted skin the *cælum stellatum*, what over-proportionated plenty of them is there there? In so much that this creature you make a diseased Animall from its first birth, and ever labouring with an *Anasarca*. Lastly, how unproperly is the air said to be the outward refreshing spirit of this Auimal, when it is ever in the very midst of it? And how rashly is the Flux and Reflux of the Sea assimilated to the pulse, when the pulse is from the heart not the brain, but the flux and reflux of the Sea from the Moon not the Sun, which they

they that be more discreetly phantastical then your self, doe call *Cor Mundi*. Wherefore, *Anthroposophus*! your phanfies to sober men, will seem as vain and puerile, as those of idle children that imagine the fortuitous postures of spaul and snivell on plaster-walls, to bear the form of mens or dogs faces, or of Lyons and what not.

And yet see the supine stupidity and senslesnesse of this mans judgment, that he triumphs so in this figment of his as so rare and excellent a truth, that *Aristotles* Philosophy must be groundlesse superstition and popery in respect of it, this the primevall truth of the creation; when as it is a thousand times more froth, then His is vomit. My friend *Anthroposophus*! is this to appear for the truth in a day of necessity? Certainly shee'll be well holpe at a dead lift, if shee find no better champions then your self.

Verily *Philalethes* if you be no better in your Book then in your Preface to the Reader, you have abused *Moses* his Text beyond measure. For your Principles will have neither heaven nor earth in them, head nor foot, reason nor sense. They will be things *extra intellectum*, and *extra*

sensum

ſenſum, mere vagrant imaginations ſeated in your own ſubſultorious and skip-jack phanſy only. But what they are we ſhal now begin to examine, according to the number of pages.

Anthropoſophia Theomagica.

Pag. 2.

Lio. 11. *So have all ſouls before their entrance, &c.* But hear you me Mr. *Anthropoſophus!* are you in good earneſt that all ſouls before their entrance into the body have an explicite methodicall knowledge? and would you venture to loſe your wit ſo much by inpriſoning your ſelfe in ſo darke a dungeon, as to be able to write no better ſenſe in your Preface to the Reader? But I'le excuſe him, it may be he was riding before his entrance into the body on ſome Theomagicall jade or other, that ſtumbled and flung him into a myſticall quagmire againſt his will, where he was ſo ſouſed and douſed and bedaubed and dirtyed, face and eyes and all, that hee could never ſince the midwife raked him out all wet and dropping like a drown'd mouſe, once ſee cleerly what was ſenſe and

and what nonſenſe to this very day. Wherefore we will ſet the ſaddle on the right Horſe; and his Theomagick Nag ſhall bear the blame of the miſcarriage.

Pag. 3.

Lin. 3. *I tooke to task the fruits of one Spring, &c.* Here *Anthroposophus* is turned Herbaliſt for one whole Spring, damned to the graſſe and fields like *Nebuchadnezzar* when he went on all four among the Beaſts. But ſee how ſlow this Snail amongſt the herbs is, in finding out the truth; when he confeſſes it was the work of one whole Spring to find out, that the Earth or ſeeds of flowers are nothing like the flowers. There's not any old Garden-weeder in all *London*, bnt without a pair of ſpectacles will diſcover that in four minutes, which he has beene a full fourth part of a year about. But certainely, he intends a great deal of pomp and ceremony, that will not take up ſuch a concluſion as this, (*viz.* That things that are produced in Nature are out of ſomething in Nature which is not like the things produced) but upon the full experience and meditation of one entire Spring. And now after this whole Springs meditation and experience, hee is forced

forced to turn about to him whom hee ſo diſdainfully flies, and confeſſe two o the three principles of the *Ariſtotelea* Phyſicks, *viz.* Matter and Privation, tha *homo* is *ex non homine*, *arbor ex non arbore*, &c. But this Matter, he ſays, (and it is the wiſe word he has ſpoken yet) he knowes not what it is. But preſently blots his credi again with a new peece of folly, intimating hee will finde it it out by experience. Which is as good ſenſe as if hee ſhould ſay, hee would ſee it when his eyes are out. For it is alike eaſie to ſee viſibles without eyes, as to ſee inviſibles with eyes. But he flyes off hence, and is in queſt after a ſubſtance which he ſmels out like a noſegay in Natures boſome. Which ſubſtance hee hopes to ſee by Art. Why! *Eugenius* art you ſo ſharp ſighted that you can ſee ſubſtances? A kind of Philoſophick Hog, he can ſee the wind too I warrant you. But how can you hope to ſee that ſubſtance when Nature only expoſes it to her own vitall celeſtiall breath? And tell what this Breath is, and doe not amaze us with ſtrange words, or elſe keep your breath to your ſelf to cool your poſſage.

Pag. 4.

Here a fit of devotion has taken him, and I am neither so irreligious nor uncivill as to interrupt him. But now Sir you have done, I hope it will not be any offence to addresse my discourse to you again. And it will not be unseasonable to tell you, that truth is not to be had of God Almighty for an old song, no nor yet for a new one. And that no man is to measure his wisdom by his devotion, but by his humility & purity of mind and unprejudicate reason; nor that any man is wiser by making others seem more contemptibly fooliſh, as your juvenility has thought good to deal with poor *Aristotle*, and his Orthodox Disciples all this time. Nay, and that you may not take Sanctuary at *Moses* his Text, let mee also tell you, that before you prove any thing thence, you ought first to make good, that Scripture is intended for naturall Philosophy as well as a divine life. But we need not arm our selves so well yet; for from the fourth page to the eight page nothing is said, but that God from a knowing Principle made the World. Which *Aristotle* also seems to assert, while he is so frequent in telling the ends of naturall things, which

which could not be sense, unlesse he supposed that Nature was guided by a knowing Principle, which is to acknowledge a God after the best manner. And that subtil Philosopher *Julius Scaliger* uses no contemptible arguments to prove, that *Aristotles* Philosophy furnisheth us also with the knowledge of a Trinity in God, so that *Anthroposophus* is very unkind and uncivill to so good a Master.

Pages 8. and 9.

What an *Aristotelean* would dispatch in a word or two, *viz.* that life is alwayes accompanied with a naturall warmth, hee is mysteriously fumbling out and drayling on to the length of almost two whole pages.

Pag. 9.

Lin. 10. *the divine light pierced the bosome of the matter, &c.* This compared with what is at the bottome of the fourth page, wee see that this rare philosopher tells us, that the matter is an *horrible emptie darknesse*. And me thinks his description is an hideous empty phansie, and conveys not so much to the understanding as *Aristotles* description of the Matter, which hee would

describe

describe to be, The first subject out of which every thing is. This latter is more cleane and sober, the other more slabby and phanaticall. And to call it *Primitive waters* is but yet metaphors and poetry. For you doe not mean waters such as we wash our hands in. But they must be waters and dark, that you may bring in the conceit of the light shining in them that like rivers and pooles the images of trees and birds, and clouds and stars, and what not, may bee seen in them. And this must help us toconceive, that upon the breaking through of the light, the divine idea's shone in the waters, and that the holy Spirit, not being able to see till then, by looking then upon those images, framed the matter into form. But I pray you tell mee, Mr. *Anthroposophus!* that would be so wise as if you stood by while God made the world, doe not you think that God can now see in the dark or behold his own idea's in the depth of the Earth? You'll say you doe not mean this naturall light but a divine light. If so, was ever the matter so stiff and clammy dark, as to be able to keepe it out? So that the divine idea's shone in the water so soon as God was, and the *Spiritus Opifex* could see to begin his work

ab omni retro æternitate. And it could neve be dark in your blind ſenſe. Is it not ſ *Anthropoſophus*?

Lin. 25. *Si plantam quaſi momento naſci* &c. If *Anthropoſophus* had ſuch a device this in a glaſſe, what a fine gew-gaw would it be for the lad? What fine ſport would he make with his companions? H would make them beleeve then that he wa a Conjurer indeed. But what other uſ there would be of it, *Anthropoſophus*! truly I doe not know. For it would not ſtat one controverſie in Philoſophy more then what may be done without it. For whe-ther there be any ſuch things as *rationes ſeminales*, or whether theſe forms viſible ariſe from heat, which is motion, and the conſpiracy of fitted particles, is as well and ſafely determined from your experiments of one ſpring, as from this ſtrange whim-wham in a glaſſe. But weak ſtomachs and weak wits long moſt after rarities.

Pag. 10.

Lin. 4. *Two-fold idea, divine, naturall, &c. Anthropoſophus*! Your naturall idea, is but an idea of your own brain. For it is no more an idea then a ſheath is a knife, or the ſpittle that wets the ſeal the ſeal, or the greaſe the ſaw

Saw, or the water the Grindle-ſtone. But you muſt ſtrike betwixt this and the divine *idea*, or elſe you will miſſe of your naturall one. And ſo will be forced to do that of penury, which he did of choice, and for brevity ſake, divide your Text into one part. But your quotation of *Moſes* here near the bottom of the page, is either nothing to your naturall *idea*, or if you mean it of the divine is no new notion, but nimmed out of *Philo* the *Jew*. And yet in the beginning of the following page you magnifie your ſelf, as one that concerning this primitive ſupernaturall part of the Creation as you call it, though you have not ſaid ſo much as you can ſay by far, (as being a Nip-cruſt and Niggard of your precious ſpeculations) yet you have produced not a little new.

Pag. 11.

Lin. 5. *Some Authors, &c.* And the reaſon why the world is beholden to this Gentleman more then to any for new diſcoveries of mighty truths, is, that whereas ſome Authors have not ſearched ſo deeply into the Center of Nature, and others not willing to publiſh ſuch ſpirituall myſteries, this new Writer is the only man, that is both deeply ſeen into the Center of Nature,

and as willing also to publish these spirituall mysteries. So that he goes beyond them all. O brave *Anthropososophus*! What a fine man would you fain appear to the World?

In the residue of this page, *Anthropososophus* his phansie is pudled so and jumbled in the limbus or Huddle of the matter, that hee cannot distinguish betwixt God and the Creature. For he knows not whether the Chaos be created or uncreated. How much wiser are you now then *Aristotle*, Mr. *Eugenius*! that made the World eternall. If you can admit this; by the rule of proportion, you might swallow the greatest Gudgeon in *Aristotle* without kecking or straining.

Pag. 12.

Lin. 11. *Fuliginous spawn of Nature.* A rare expression! This Magician has turned Nature into a Fish by his Art. Surely such dreams float in his swimmering brains, as in the Prophets, who tels us so Authentick stories of his delicious *Albebut*.

Lin. 12. *The created Matter.* Before the Matter was in an hazard of not being created but of being of it self eternall. Certainly *Eugenius*! you abound with leasure that can thus create and uncreate, doe and undoe, because the day is long enough.

Lin.

Lin. 21. *A horrible confused qualm, &c.* Here Nature like a child-bearing woman, has a qualm comes over her ſtomach, and *Eugenius* like a man-midwife ſtands by very officiouſly to ſee what will become of it. Let her alone, *Eugenius!* it is but a qualm, Some cold raw rheume. *Margret* will eſcape well enough. Eſpecially if her two Handmaids Heat and Siccity doe but help, with their *Aquavitæ* bottles. What a rare mode or way of Creation has *Eugenius* ſet out? Certainly it cannot but ſatisfie any unreaſonable man, if there be any men without reaſon. And I begin to ſuſpect there is, for *Eugenius* his ſake, ſuch as feed as ſavourly on the pure milk of phanſie, as the Philoſophers Aſſe on Sow-thiſtles.

Pag. 13.

This page is ſpent in extracting from the Chaos, a thin ſpirituall celeſtiall ſubſtance to make the *Cœlum Empyreum* of and the body of Angels, and by the by, to be in ſtead of a Sun for the firſt day. But then in the ſecond Extraction was extracted the agill air fitting all betwixt the Maſſe and the *Cœlum Empyreum*. But here I have ſo hedged you in Mr. *Anthropoſophus* that you will

hardly extricate your self in this question. The Empyreall substance encompassing all, how could there be Morning and Evening till the fourth day? For the Masse was alike illumined round about at once. And for your interstellar water you do but phansie it implyed in *Moses* text, and can never prove that he drives at any thing higher in the letter thereof, than those hanging bottles of water, the clouds.

Pag. 14.

Lin. 12. *A rumbling confused Labyrinth.* 'Tis only *Erratum Typographicum.* I suppose you mean, a rumbling Wheel-Barrow, in allusion to your Wheel-work and Epicycles aforementioned. But why small diminutive Epicycles? *Eugenius!* you are so profound a Magician, that you are no Astronomer at all. The bigness of them is as strong a presumption against them, as any thing. They are too big to be true.

Lin. 26. *This is cribrum Naturæ.* Δὸς κόσκινον, I warrant you. The very five that *Jupiter* himself pisses through, as *Aristophanes* sports it in his Comedies.

Pag. 15.

Lin. 20. *Equally possest the whole Creature.* Therefore

Therefore again I ask thee, O *Eugenius*! how could there be Evening and Morning, the light being all over equally disperſed?

Lin. 29. *Like a baffled Gyant.* Poeticall *Eugenius*! Is this to lay the ſober and ſound principles of Truth and Philoſophy?

Pag. 16.

Lin. 1. *A Black Bag.* I tell thee *Eugenius*! Thy phanſie is ſnap't in this Femall Black-bag, as an unwary *Retiarius* in a Net. Do's Madam Nature wear her Black-bag in her middle parts? (for the Earth is the Center of the World) or on her head as other Matrons doe? That *Philalethes* may ſeem a great and profound Student indeed, hee will not take notice, whether a black-bag be furniture for Ladies heads or their haunches. Well! let him enjoy the glory of his affected ruſticity and ignorance.

Lin. 5. *Good Lord deliver us.* How the man is frighted into devotion by the ſmut and grimineſſe of his own imagination!

Lin. 15. *Earth and water, &c. Concurrunt elementa ut Materia, ergo duo ſufficiunt,* ſays *Cardan.* 'Tis no new-ſprung truth, if true, Mr. *Eugenius*! But ſeeing that Ætherial vigour & celeſtial heat with the ſubſtance thereof (for, *Cœlum pervadit omnia*) is in all

things, and the air excluded from few or no living Creatures, if we would ſeverely tug with you, Mr. *Anthropoſophus*! you will endanger the taking of the foil.

Pag. 18.

Lin. 22. *Both in the ſame bed.* Why did you ever ſneak in, *Eugenius*, and take them, ἐπ' αὐτοφώρῳ, in the very act? τῶν ἐπ' αὐτοφώρῳ as the Lawyers ſpeak? This is but poeticall pomp in proſe. And *Ovid* Philoſophizes better in verſe, where ſpeaking of heat and moiſture, he expreſſes himſelf apertly and ſignificantly.

Quippe ubi temperiem ſumpſere humorq; calorq;
Concipiunt, & ab his generantur cuncta duobus.

Lin. 27. *Spiritus aquæ inviſibilis congelatus melior eſt quam terra Univerſa.* Now as you are *Philalethes*, tell me truly if you underſtand any determinate and uſefull ſenſe of this ſaying. If you doe, why doe you not explain it? if you doe not, for ought you know, it may be onely a charm to fox fiſhes. And I pray you, *Philalethes*! make triall of the experimrnt.

Pag. 19.

Lin. 29. *It is the Magicians Back-doore.* Here I cannot but take notice at the great affe-

ctation

ration of *Philalethes* to appear to be deeply seen in Magick. But I suppose if he were well searched, he would be found no Witch, nor all his Back-doore of air worth the winde of an ordinary mans back-doore.

Pag. 20.

Lin. 2. *The air is our Animal oil, the full of the vitall.* Now *Eugenius*! you are so good natured as to give *Aristotle* one of his two elements again, that you wrested from him. If this be our animall oil and fuell of the vitall, it is plain our animall and vital spirits are from the air, and that the air is one element amongst the rest. And your moist silent fire that passes through al things must be a principle of all things, and may well be attempered heat to your forenamed oil. So that *Aristotle* and you that before seemed as disagreeing as fire and water, now in a love fit again embrace as close as your *Apulejus* his *Psyche* and *Cupid*. But why will you be thus humorous Mr. *Eugenius*! and be thus off and on to the trouble of others and your self?

Pag. 21.

Lin. 9. *Performed an exposition of the World.* An excellent performance! Which if a man

man take a narrow view of, he will finde to amount to no more then this, That God made a dark Masse of Matter, out of which hee extracted, (Chymist like) first an Empyreall body, then an Aereall, &c. Which is a very lank satisfaction to the noble reason of man. Nay, *Anthroposophus*! I beleeve you have spoke such stuff that will amount to little better then a contradiction to free reason. For you make as if the Masse did contain in a far less compass above all measure, all that was after extracted. Wherefore there was, (for these are all bodies) either a penetration of dimensions then, or else a *vacuum* now: and the ascending particles of the Masse, lye some distance one from another. Besides I observe that in you, that I doe in all others, that Phantastically and superstitiously force Philosophy out of the sacred Writ (which is intended curtainly for better purposes) For like *Ovid* in his *Metamorphoses*, (who after a long pursuit of a Fabulous story, at last descends to something in Nature and common use, as that of *Daphne* turned into a Lawrell, which tree is in Nature and according to the accustomary conceit of the Heathens, was holy to *Apollo*) so these running a Wild-Goose chase of Melancholy

ly imaginations and phanſies, think it evidence enough for what they have ſaid, to have the thing but named in ſome Text of Scripture. Nay even thoſe that are ſo confident they are inſpired, and live of nothing but the free breathings of the Divine Spirit, if you obſerve them, it is with them as with the Lark, that is ſo high in the air, that we may better hear her then ſee her, as if ſhee were an inhabitant of that Region only and had no allyance to the Earth: yet at laſt you ſhall ſee her come down and pick on the ground as other birds. So theſe pretended inſpired men though they flye high, and ſeem to feed of nothing but free truth, as they draw it from Gods own breathing, yet they took their ground firſt from the Text, though they ran a deal of phanſyfull diviſion upon it, and if a man watch them, he ſhall finde them fall flat upon the Text again, and be but as other Mortalls are for all their free pretenſions, and extraordinary aſſiſtences. But lets leave theſe Theoſophiſts (as they love to be called) to themſelves, and trace on the ſteps of our *Anthropoſophus*!

Pag. 22.

He exhorts us in the foregoing page to be

be curious and diligent in this subsequent part of his discourse, as being now about to deliver the Fundamentalls of Science. But *Anthropojophus*! you are so deeply Magicall that you have conjured your self down, below the wit of an ordinary man. The Fundamentalls of Science should be certain, plain, reall and perspicuous to reason; not muddy and imaginary as all your discourse is from this to your 28 page. For in this present page and the former, setting aside your superstitious affectation of Trinities and Triplicities, which teach a man nothing but that you are a very phantastical and bold man, and lift at that which is too heavy for you, you doe nothing but scold very cholerickly at the Colliers and Kitchen-maides, and like a dog return again to the Vomit, I mean that vomit you cast awhile agoe on *Aristotle*. Is that so elegant an expression that you must use it twice in so little a space? where is your manners *Anthroposophus*!

24

Pag. 23.

Lin. 14. & 24. *The Magnet, the Mystery of Union. Not one of ten thousand knowes the substance or the use of this Nature.* Yet you tell it us in this page, that it will attract all things

things Phyſicall or Metaphyſicall, at what diſtance ſoever. But you are a man of ten thouſand, *Anthropoſophus*! and have the Myſtery, queſtionleſſe, of this Magnet. Whence I conclude you King or Prince of the Gypſies, as being able at the fartheſt diſtance to attract mettall out of mens purſes. But take heed that you be not diſcovered, leſt this *Jacobs* Ladder raiſe you up with your fellow Pick-pockets to Heaven in a ſtring.

Pag. 24.

This page is filled with like Gypſie giberiſh, as alſo the 25th. yet he pretends to lend us a little light from the Sun and Moon. Which he calls the great Luminaries and Conſervatours of the great World in generall. How great, *Anthropoſophus*! doe you think would the Moon appear if your Magick could remove you but as far as Saturn from her? will ſhee not appear as little as nothing? Beſides, if *Eugenius* ever tooted through a *Galileo's* Tube, he might diſcover four Moons about *Jupiter*, which will all prove competitours with our Moon for the Conſervatour-ſhip of the Univerſe. But though *Eugenius* admits of but one great broad-faced Sun and Moon, yet he acknowledgeth many Mimules or Monky-faced

Suns

Suns and Moons, which must be the Conservatricules of the many Microcosms in the great World. Certainly *Anchroposophus*! the *speculum* of your understanding is cracked, and every fragment gives a severall reflection, and hence is this innumerable multitude of these little diminutive Suns and Moons. But having passed through much canting language, at the bottome of the page we at last stumble on the Philosophers Stone, which he intends I suppose to fling at *Aristotle* and brain the Stagirite at one throw.

Lin. ult. *A true Receipt of the Medicine, R. Limi cœlestis partes, &c.* Come out Tom-Fool from behinde the hangings, that peaks out with your Divels head and hornes, and put off your vizard and be apert and intelligible, or else why doe you pretend to lay the Fundamentalls of Science, and crave our diligence and attention to a non-significant noise and buzze? Unlesse you will be understood, it may as well, for ought any bodie knowes, be a plaister for a gauld horses back, or a Medicine for a Mad-dog, as a receipt of the Philosophers Stone.

Pag. 27.

In this page *Magicus* propheses of a vitrification of the Earth, and turning of it into

into a pure diaphanous substance. To what end? *Magicus*! That the Saints and Angels at each pole of the Earth may play at Boe-peep with one another through this crystallized Globe? *Magicus* has rare imaginations in his noddle.

Pag. 28.

At the end of this page *Magicus* begins to take to task the explication of mans nature. But *Magicus* you must first learn better to know your self, before you attempt to explain the knowledge of man to others.

Pag. 29.

Lin. 10. *The Philosophicall Medicine.* This is the Philosophers stone. *And they that are ignorant in this point are but Quacks and Pispot Doctors.* Ho! Dr. *H.* Dr. *P.* Dr. *R.* Dr. *T.* and as many Doctors more as will stand betwixt *London* and *Oxenford*, if you have not a slight of Art to Metamorphize your selves into Triorchises, and have one stone more then Nature has bestowed upon you (which is forsooth the Philosophers Stone) have amongst you blind Harpers, *Magicus* will not stick to teem Urinals on your heads, and crown you all one after another, with the

the Piſpot, and honour you with the Title of Quack-ſalvers. What? *Magicus*! Is it not ſufficient that you haue no ſenſe nor wit, but you will have no good manners neither?

Pag. 30.

This thirtieth page teaches that the ſoul of man conſiſts of two parts, *Ruach* and *Nepheſh*, one Maſculine and the other Feminine. And *Anthropoſophus* is ſo tickled with the Application of the conceit unto Marriage, which he very feelingly and favourly purſues, that he has not the patience to ſtay to tell us how theſe two differ, he being taken up ſo with that powerfull charm and thence accrewing Faculty, of *Creſcite & Multiplicamini.*

Pag. 31.

This page has the ſame Legend that the Alcoran has concerning the envy of the Angels. But all goes down alike with him, as if every thing printed were Goſpel. In ſo much that I am perſwaded, that he doubts not but that every ſyllable of his own Book is true, now it has paſſed the Preſſe.

Pag.

Pag. 32.

This page ridiculously places *Peter Ramus* amongst the Schoolmen against all Logick and Method. And at the last line thereof bids us *arrigere aures*, and tels us he will convey some truth never heretofore discovered, *viz.* That the sensitive gust in a man is the forbidden fruit: with the rest of the circumstances thereof. Which Theory is so far from being new, that it is above a thousand years old. It is in *Origen* and every where in the Christian *Platonists*.

Pag. 38.

Lin. 27. *It is part of Anima Mundi.* Why! is *Anima Mundi* (which you say, in men and beasts can see, feel, tast and smell) a thing divisible into parts and parcells? Take heed of that *Anthroposophus*! lest you crumble your own soul into Atoms, indeed make no soul, but all body.

Pag. 39.

Lin. 22. *Blind Peripatetical formes.* What impudence is this O *Magicus*! to call them so, unless you make your *Anima Mundi* more intelligible. This is but to rail at pleasure, not to teach or confute.

Pag.

37. *Pag.* 40.

Lin. 2. *As it is plain in dreams.* Blind men ſee in their ſleep it ſeems, which is more then they can doe when they are awake. Are you in jeſt *Eugenius!* or in good earneſt? If you be, I ſhall ſuſpect you having a faculty to ſee when you are aſleep, that you have another trick too, that is, to dream when you are awake. Which you practiſed I conceive very much in the compilement of this book, there being more dreams then truth by far in it.

38. Lin. 11. *Repreſent the eyes.* How phanſiful and poeticall are you Mr. *Magicus*! I ſuppoſe you allude to the herb *Euphraſia* or *Eyebright*. Which yet ſees or feels as little light or heat of the Sun, as your ſoul do's of reaſon or humanity.

39. Lin. 27. *Angelicall or rationall ſpirit.* Do's not this ſee and hear too in man? If it do not, how can it judge of what is ſaid or done? If it do's; then there is two hearing, and ſeeing ſouls in a man. Which I will leave to *Anthropoſophus* his own thoughts, to find out how likely that is to be true.

40. 46,47,48,49. *Pages.*

Truly, *Anthropoſophus*! theſe pages are of

that nature, that though you are so unkind to *Aristotle*, as to acknowledge nothing good in him, yet I am not so inveterate a revengefull assertor of him, but I will allow you your *lucida intervalla*. What you have delivered in these pages, bating a few Hyperboles, might become a man of a more setled brain then *Anthroposophus*. But while you oppose so impetuously what may with reason be admitted, and propound so magisterially what is not sense, I must tell you *Anthroposophus*! that you betray to scorn and derision even those things that are sober in the way that you affect, and hazard the soiling of the highest and most delicate truths, by your rude and unskilfull handling of them: And now the good breath that guided you, for these four pages together, is spent, you begin to rave again after the old manner, and call *Galen* Antichrist in

Pag. 50.

And quarrel again with the *Peripatetick*s, and provoke the School-divines. And then you fancie that you have so swinged them, that in revenge they'l all fall upon you at once, and so twerilug you: when as they good men feel not your strokes, and find

themselves something else to doe, then to refute such crazy discourses as this. It is only, it is I, your brother *Philalethes*, that am moved with pity towards you, and would if I could by carefully correcting you in your distempers, bring you to a sober mind, and set you in your right sense again. And I beseech you brother *Philalethes*! forbear this swearing, An honest mans word is as good as his Oath. No body will beleeve you more for swearing, then he would doe without it, but think you more melancholick and distracted.

42. Lin. 21. *Whiles they contemn mysteries, &c.* In this heat all that *Philalethes* writes must be termed holy mysteries. His project certainly is, now neither Episcopacy nor Presbytery can be setled, to get his booke established *jure divino*. A crafty colt! Ha, ha, he. *Philalethes*, Are you there with your bears?

43. Lin. 29. *Next to God I owe all I have to* Agrippa. What? more then to the Prophets and Apostles, *Anthroposophus*? The businesse is for your fame-sake, you have more desire to be thought a Conjurer then a Christian.

44. Pag. 53, 54.

Great glorious penman! A piping hot p

per of verſes indeed *Anthroposophus*! But ſay truly! What can you doe in or out of this heat more then other men. Can you cure the ſick? Rule and counſell States and Kingdomes more prudently for the common good? Can you find bread for the Poore? Give a rationall account of the *Phænomena* of Nature, more now then at another time? or more then other men can do? Can you tel me the Nature of light? the cauſes of the Rainbow? what makes the flux and reflux of the Sea? the operations of the Loadſtone, and ſuch like? Can you tell us in a rationall, dependent, and coherent way the nature of ſuch things as theſe, or foretell to us what will be hereafter, as certainly and evidently as the Prophets of old? But if there bee neither the evidence of Reaſon, nor the teſtimony of notable effect, you can give us, you muſt give mee leave *Anthroposophus*! to conjecture; That all this is but a friske and dance of your agitated ſpirits, and firineſſe of your fancie, of which you will find no fruit, but a palſied, unſteddy apprehenſion, and unſound judgment.

45.

Pag. 55.

From this page to the 62. your Theo-

magicall Nag has been pretty ſure-footed, *Philalethes!* And it is a good long *lucidum intervallum* you have ambled out. Nay and you have done very well and ſoberly in not plainly pretending any new thing there. For they are both old and well ſeaſoned, if the Church be ſo pleaſed to eſteem of them. But what you have toward the latter end of the 62 page, that is, a word of your ſelf, and another of the common Philoſophy, has in it a ſpice of the old malady, pride and conceitednesſe: as if you had now finiſhed ſo famous a peece of worke, as that all the world would ſtand amazed, and be inquiſitive after you, asking who is this *Philalethes*, and what is he? Presbyterian or Independent? Sir, may it pleaſe you, He is neither Papiſt, though hee bad faire enough for purgatory in his Expoſition of St. *Peter* in the foregoing page; nor Sectary, though he had rather ſtile himſelf a Proteſtant then a Chriſtian: but be he what he wil be, he is ſo great in his own conceit, that though you have not the opportunity to ask his judgment, yet he thinks it fit unasked to ſet himſelf on the ſeat of Judicature, and diſgorge his ſentence on our ordinary Philoſophy. He means you may be ſure the *Ariſtotelean* in uſe for ſo many hundred years in all the Uni-

verſi-

niversities of *Europe*. And he pronounces of it, that it is *An inconsistent Hotch-potch of rash conclusions, built on meer imagination without the light of Experience*. You must suppose he means Chymicall experiments, for you see no small pretensions to that in all his Treatise. And his very Title page, the first of the book, has the priviledge to bee first adorned with this magnificent term of Art, *Protochymistry*. But tell me, Mr. *Alchymist!* in all your skill and observation in your Experiments, if you have hit on any thing that will settle any considerable point controverted amongst Philosophers, which may not be done as effectually at lesse charges. Nay, whether you may not lose Nature sooner then find her by your industrious vexing of her, and make her appeare something else then what she really is: Like men on the rack or overwatched witches, that are forced many times to confesse that which they were never guilty of. But it being so unsatisfactory to talk in generall, and of so tedious purpose to descend to particulars, I will break off this discourse. Only let me tell you thus much Mr. *Philalethes!* that you are a very unnaturall son to our mother *Oxenford*, and to her sister University; for if they were no wiser then

you would make them, you would hazard them and all their children to be begg'd for fools. And there would bee a ſad conſequent of that. But your zeale and heated melancholy conſiders no ſuch things, *Anthropoſophus!*

46. Pag. 65.

Lin. 3. *I have now done, Reader! but how much to my own prejudice I cannot tell.* Verily nothing at all *Philalethes!* For you have met with a friend that hath impartially ſet out to you your own follies and faults. And has diſtorted himſelf often into the deformities of your poſtures, that you may the better ſee your ſelf in another, and ſo for ſhame amend.

47. Lin. 8. *Paint and trim of Rhetorick.* How modeſt are you grown *Philalethes!* Why? this affectation of humor and Rhetorick is the moſt conſpicuous thing in your book. And ſhines as orientlyas falſe gold and ſilver lace on a linſy-woolſy coat.

48. Lin. 22. *Of a brothers death.* Some young man certainly that killed himſelfe by unmercifull ſtudying of *Ariſtotle.* And *Philalethes* writ this booke to revenge his Death.

Lin. 18.

Lin. 18. *I expose it not to the mercy of man, but to God.* See, the man affects an absolute Tyranny in Philosophy. He'll be accountable to none but God. You no Papist *Philalethes*? Why! you would be a very Pope in Philosophy, if you would not have your Dictates subject to the canvase of mans reason.

Obſervations upon his Advertiſement to the Reader.

THe firſt thing you require is, that hee that attempts your booke, ſhould make a plain and poſitive Expoſition of all the paſſages. Why man? that is more aſſuredly then your ſelfe can doe. For you are ſo weak and ſupine in many things that are intelligible that I am confident you are worſe in that which you have made leſſe intelligible. For as *Socrates* reading an obſcure Authour, when he found all things he underſtood very good, did charitably conclude, what he underſtood not was much better: ſo I finding in this obſcure Treatiſe of yours, many things very ill, I alſo in charity will think you had the wit, to conceal thoſe things which are the worſt; or which will ſerve the turn, that you underſtand them not your ſelf. But have an itching

deſire

desire that some Reader skilfuller then your self, should tel you whether you have wrote seuse or nonsense. Like the Country clown, that desired his young Master to teach him to write, and being asked how he would be able to read his own writing, being as yet never acquainted somuch as with the christ-crosse-row, made answer, he would get some body else to read it for him. And so you *Philalethes!* though you can read your own writing, yet you desire to get some body else to understand it for you, or to interpret to you what you have writ.

Your second Request is not much unlike the former, and too big a businesse for your selfe to doe, and therefore you beg it of another.

Your third Request is, to have your book handled after your owne manner and method. Which is as ridiculous, as if you should request your enemy to smite softly, or to strike after such a fashion, and at such a part as you will appoint him. Can it bee reasonable for you to expect from an *Aristotelean* (for you must think it would be they of all men that would fly about your ears first) when you have used their Master *Aristotle*, as they would not, to be used of them as you would? But notwithstanding *Philalethes!*

Ialethes! you see I have been very fair with you, and though provoked I shall continue the same candour in my observations on your following peece. But before I passe, I must take notice of your two admonitions to the ingenuous Reader, for I suppose you mean mee, *Philalethes*! The first is, that I would not despise your endeavours, because of your years, for they are but few. Why man! who knew that but your selfe, if you could have kept your own counsell? Your name is not at your book, much lesse your age. But indeed many things are so well managed of you, that if you had not told us so, we might have shrewdly suspected, you have scarce reached the years of discretion. But you are so mightily taken with your own performance, that to increase admiration, and for the bringing in a phrase or sentence out of *Proclus*, you could not with-hold from telling us that you are but a young man, and so we easily believe it. But the more saucy boy you to be so bold with Reverend Mr. *Aristotle*, that grandevall Patriarch in points of Philosophy. For the second admonition, it is little more then a noise or clatter of words, or if you will, a meere rattle for a boy to play with. And so I leave it

in

in your hand to passe away the time, till I meet you againe in your *Anima Magica Abscondita.*

Vpon the Preface to the Reader.

NOw *God defend! what will become of me!* In good faith, *Philalethes!* I doe not know what may become of you in time. But for the present, me thinks, you are become a fool in a play, or a Jack-pudding at the dancing on the Ropes, a thing wholly set in a posture to make the people laugh. Phy! Phy! *Philalethes!* Doe these humorous and Mimicall schemes of speech, become so profound a *Theomagician*, as your self would seem to be? Do's this ridiculous levity become a man of your profession? You doe not a little disparage your self by these boyish humours, my good *Philalethes!*

For mine own part I am neither so light-headed

headed nor light-footed, as to dance the Morisco with you measure to measure, through this whole toy of yours to the Reader. I shall dispatch what I have to say at once. Your main drift here is to prove *Agrippa's* Dogs no Divels, and their Master no Papist, and consequently your self no unlawfull Magician or Conjurer.

And truly if the Assembly of Divines be no more suspicious of you then my self, I am aboundantly satisfied, that you are rather a giddy Phantastick then an able Conjurer. So that without any offence to me you may take *Wierus* his office if you will, and for want of better imployment, lead about *Agrippa's* beagles in a string. In the mean time I shall busie my self almost to as little purpose in the perusall of your *Anima Magica Abscondita.*

Upon *Anima Magica Abscondita.*

And here *Philalethes!* in the very threshold you begin to worrey the poor *Peripateticks* more fiercely then any *English* Mastive, and bark and scold into the air (that is in general) more cursedly and bitterly then any butter-quean, but at last in the 25. line

line of the ſecond page, you begin to take to task ſome particular Documents of *Ariſtotles. viz.* The Deſcription of Nature, of Form, and of the Soul. Whereby wee ſhall underſtand of what great judgement and perſpicacity you are in other points of Philoſophy. And firſt of the Definition of Nature, which you ſay is defined, *Principium motus & quietis.* A little thing ſerves your turn, *Anthropoſophus*! Is this the intire Definition of Nature, in *Ariſtotle*? But what you unskilfully take no notice of, I willingly wink at, and will deal with you only about thoſe things that you produce and oppoſe.

Pag. 3.

Lin. 19. *Nature is a Principle.* Here you cavill that Nature is ſaid to be a Principle, becauſe you cannot find out the thing defined by this generall intimation. But here, *Philalethes*! you are a pitifull Logician, and know not ſo much in Logick as every Freſhman in our Univerſity doth, *viz.* that that part of the Definition which is generall do's not lead us directly home unto the thing defined, and lay our hand upon it, but it is the difference added, that do's that. As if ſo be we ſhould ſay only that,

that, *Homo eſt animal*, that affertion is ſo floting and hovering, that our minde can ſettle on nothing, which it may ſafely take for a man, for that generall notion belongs to a flea or a mite in a cheeſe as well as to a man; but adding *rationale*, then it is determined and reſtrained to the nature of man. And your allegation againſt the difference here annexed in the Definition of Nature, is as childiſh. For you only alleadge that it tels us what nature do's, not what it is. My dear *Philalethes*! Certainly thou haſt got the knack of ſeeing further into a Milſtone, then any living mortall elſe. Thou haſt diſcovered, as thou thinkeſt, Dame Nature ſtark naked, as *Actæon* did *Diana*; but for thy raſh fancy deſerveſt a pair of Aſſes ears, as well as he did his Bucks-horns for his raſh ſight. Can any ſubſtantiall form be known, otherwiſe then by what it can doe or operate. Tell me any one ſubſtantiall form that thou knoweſt any better way then this, & *Phyllida ſolus habeto*, take *Phyllis* to thy ſelf, and her black-bag to boot. Thou art, good *Anthropoſophus*! I perceive a very unexperienced novice in the more narrow and ſerious ſearch and contemplation of things.

Pag. 4.

Lin. 23: *This is an expresse of the office and effect of formes but not of their substance or essence.* Why! *Philalethes!* as I said before, have you ever discovered the naked substance or essence of any thing? Is colour, light, hardnesse, softnesse, &c. is any of these or of such like, essence and substance it self? If you be so great a Wizard, show some one substantiall form in your Theomagicall glasse. Poor Kitling! how dost thou dance and play with thine own shadow, and understandest nothing of the mystery of substance and truth!

Pag. 5.

Here in the third place you cavil at *Aristotles* Definition of the Soul, and by your slubbering and barbarous translating of the term ἐντελέχεια smother the fitnesse of the sense. What more significant of the nature of a soul, then what this tearm ἐντελέχεια is compounded of? *viz.* ἐν, τέλος, and ἔχειν.

——*Totoque infusa per artus*
Mens agitat Molem.

Or if wee read the word as *Cicero*, ἐνδελέχεια, it will be more significant, as being

being made up of ἐν, δύειν, ἐλᾶν & ἔχειν. And that which do's inwardly pervade and penetrate, that which do's hold together and yet move this way and that way, and lastly still moving possesse and command an organicall body, &c. what is this but a Soul, or what better Definition can bee given of it it then this? But here this peremptory opposer, do's still inculcate the same cavill, that the naked substance or essence of the soul, is not set out by this, but its operations. But still out of the same ignorance, supposing that a substantiall form can bee better known then by its proper operations. And this ignorance of his makes him so proud, that he do's Fellow at every word, if not, Sirra, Prince *Aristotle*, because hee has not done that which is impossible to doe, unbare to us the very substance of a Form. What an imperious boy is this! a rangling child in Philosophy, that screams and cries after what is impossible, as much as peevish babes, after what is hurtfull. And in this humorous straining and wrigling, bemarres both his Mother and his Aunt, both the Universities at once, casting dirt and filth upon their education of youth, as if they taught nothing, because they cannot

teach

teach what is impossible to be learned.

Pag. 8.

Here *Anthroposophus* begins to bee something earnest and rude with Nature, not content any longer to use his adulterous phansie, but to break open with his immodest hands her private closet, search her cabinet, and pierce into her very Center. What rare extractions hee will make thence I leave to himself to enjoy. Sure I am, that if any skilfull Cook, or Chymists should take out *Philalethes* brains, and shred them as small as mincemeat, and rumble them never so much up and down with a trencher-fork, he would not discover by this diligent discussion any substantiall form of his brains whereby they may be distinguished from what lies in a Calfs head. Nay, if they were stew'd betwixt two dishes, or distilled in an Alembeck, neither would that extraction bee any crystalline mirrour to see the substantiall form stark naked in, and discover the very substance of that spirit, that has hit upon so many unhappy hallucinations. But you are a youth of rare hopes, *Anthroposophus!*

Pag. 9.

Lin. 20. *Where by the way I must tell you, &c. viz.* That the heavens are not moved by Intelligences. Who can not tell us that? But indeed you are forward to tell us any thing, that do's but seem to sound high, or make any show. There's no body now but would laugh to hear, that a particular Angell turns about every Orb, as so many dogs in wheels turn the spit at the fire. So that it seems far below such a grand Theomagician as you are, to tell us such incredible fopperies as these to be false.

Pag. 10.

Lin. 10. *For the Authors credit and benefit of the Reader.* Good *Philalethes*! What credit doe you expect from your scribling, though it be the only thing you aim at in all your Book? when yet nothing of truth but this aim of yours is understood in all this writing: saving that you are also a confident Phantastick and vanting Mountebank. This is your greatest credit, and the greatest profit of the Reader, to observe you to be so.

Lin. 15. *This Anima retain'd in the ma-*

te

ter and missing a vent, &c. A similitude, I suppose, taken from the bung-hole of a barrell; or more compendiously from bottled bear; or it may be from the corking up close the urine of a bewitched party, and setting it to the fire. For *Anthroposophus* will not be lesse then a Magician in all things, nor seem lesse wise then or witch or divell. But me thinks, *Anthroposophus*! your expression of the nature of this Anima, that must doe such fine feats in the world, by the efformation of things and organizing the matter into such usefull figuration and proportion in living creatures, had been as fitly and as much to your purpose expressed; if you had phansied her tied up like a pig in a poke, that grunting and nudling to get out drove the yeelding bag out at this corner and that corner, and so gave it due order and disposition of parts. But, Oh thou man of mysteries! tell mee I pray thee, how so subtill a thing as this *Anima* is, can be either barrel'd up or bottled up, or tide up in a bag, as a pig in a poke! when as the first materiall rudiments of life be so laxe and so fluid, how can they possibly hopple or incarcerate so thin and agil a substance as a Soul? so that the union betwixt them

is of some other nature, then what such grosse expressions can represent, and more Theomagicall then our Theomagician himself is aware of.

Pag. 11.

Here *Anthropsophus* tells us rare mysteries concerning the soul, that it is a thing stitched and cobled up of two parts. *viz.* of *aura tenuissima*, and *lux simplicissima*. And for the gaining of credence to this patched conceit, hee abuses the authority of that excellent *Platonist* and Poet *Virgilius Maro*, taking the fag end of three verses which all tend to one drift, but nothing at all to his purpose. *Æneid.6.*

Donec longa dies perfecto temporis orbe
Concretam exemit labem, purumque reliquit
Æthereum sensum, atque aurai simplicis ignem.

This is not spoken of the soul it self but of the Æthereall Vehicle of the soul, and so is nothing to your purpose Mr. *Philalethes*! You tell us also in this page in what shirts or sheets the souls wrap themselves when they apply to generation, (as your phrase is) as if you were groom of their bed-chamber if not their pander. You tell us also of a radicall vitall liquor, that is

is of like proportion and complexion with the ſuperiour interſtellar waters, which is as learnedly ſpoken, as if you ſhould compare the ſack at the Globe-Tavern, with certain ſupernall Wine-bottles hung round *Orions* girdell. Which no man were able to ſmell out, unleſſe his noſe were as Atlantick as your rauming and reaching phancy. And yet no man that has not loſt his reaſon, but will think this as grave a truth in Philoſophy as your interſtellar waters. But Interſtellar, indeed, is a pretty word and ſounds wel, and it is pity but there were ſome fine Philoſophick notion or other did belong to it. But now, *Philalethes*! if I would tyrannize over you as you doe over *Ariſtotle*, for the manner of your declaring the nature of the Soul, where you pretend to ſhew us the very naked eſſence of it and firſt principles whereof it doth conſiſt, you have laid your ſelf more bare to my laſh, then you endeavoured to lay bare the ſoul to our view. For you doe plainly inſinuate to us, That either the ſoul is Light, or elſe a thin Air, or that it is like to them. If only like theſe bodies of light and air, how pitifully doe you ſet out the nature of the Soul, when you tell us the principles of it only in a dry meta-

phor. Is not the nature of the Soul far better known from the proper operations thereof (as *Aristotle* has defined it) then from this phantastical metaphorical way? But if you will say that the soul is properly Light or Air, then be they never so thin, or never so simple (unlesse you will again use a metaphor) the Soul must bee a Body. And how any corporeall sustance thick or thin, fluid or dry, can be able to think, to reason, to phancy, &c. nay to form matter into such cunning and wise frames and contrivancies as are seen in the bodies of living Creatures, no man of lesse ignorance and confidence then your selfe will dare to endeavour to explain, or hold any way probable.

Pag. 12.

In this page you are curiously imployed in making of a chain of Light and Matter, surely more subtill and more useleſse then that that held the Flea prisoner in the Mechanicks hand. But this is to hold the *Anima*, the passive Spirit and celestiall water together. Our Theomagician here grows as imperious, as wrathfull *Xerxes*. Will you also fetter the Hellespont *Philalethes*? and binde the winde and waters in chains?

chains? But let's consider now the links of this miraculous chain of his.

	Light.		Matter.	
Anima		3		1
Passive spirit	of	2	of	2 portions
Celestial waters		1		3

This is your chain, *Philalethes*! Now let's see what Apish tricks you'll play with this your chain. The three portions of light must be brought down by the two, the two, (if not indeed five, the two and three being now joynd) brought down by one, and so the whole chain drops into the water. But would any Ape in a chain if he could speak, utter so much incredible and improbable stuff, with so much munky and mysterious ceremony? His very chain would check his both thoughts and tongue. For is it not farre more reasonable that three links of a chain should sway down two, and two or five one, then that one should sway two or five, or two, three? Or doe we find when we fling up a clod of earth, that the whole ball of the Earth leaps up after that clod, or the clod rather returnes back to the Earth, the greater ever attracting the lesse,

if you will ſtand to magneticall Attraction. But truly *Philalethes*! I think you doe not know what to ſtand to, or how to ſtand at all; you are ſo giddy and intoxicated with the ſteam and heat of your diſturbed phancy and vaine minde.

Pag. 13.

Lin. 8. *But meethinks Nature complaints of a proſtitution, &c.* Did not I tell you ſo before, that *Philalethes* was a pander? and now hee is convinced in his own conſcience and confeſſes the crime, and his ears ring with the clamours and complaints of Madam Nature, whom he has ſo lewdly proſtituted. Sad Melancholiſt! thou art affrighted into the confeſſion of crimes that thou art not only not guilty of, but canſt not be guilty of if thou wouldſt. Is there never a one of our City Divines at leaſure to comfort him and compoſe him? I tell thee, Madam Nature is a far more chaſt and diſcreet Lady, then to lye obnoxious to thy proſtitutions. Theſe are nothing but ſome unchaſt dreams of thy prurient and polluted phanſie. I dare quit thee of this fact, *Philalethes*! I warrant thee, Thou haſt

haſt not laid Madam Nature ſo naked as thou ſuppoſeſt, only thou haſt, I am afraid, dream't uncleanly, and ſo haſt polluted ſo many ſheets of paper with thy Nocturnall Canundrums, which have neither life, ſenſe, nor ſhape, head nor foot that I can find in them.

Pag. 14.

Here *Philalethes* is taken like a Fly in a Spiders Web. He is altogether for ſubtilties. But ſpins but a thick thred from them, ſuch as any Ruſticks hand would draw out as well as his one. *viz.* That Spiders have ſome light of knowledge in them. Who knows not that *Philalethes*? But in the

Pag. 15.

Hee is ſo laviſh, of what hee has ſo little of himſelf, that hee beſtows it on every plaſtick materiall Form; and not a Roſe can grow in Nature but ſome ſeeing and knowing *Hyliad* with his inviſible pencill muſt draw it, and thus by his meer raſh dictate do's hee think hee has daſh'd out that long and rationall *dogma* in Philoſophy of the particular λόγοι σπερματικοὶ or *rationes ſeminales*. Whoſe fondneſſe

fondneſſe in this groundleſſe aſſertion it were eaſie to confute, but he that will not bring any reaſons for what he ſayes, is not worthy to have any reaſons brought againſt him. For as for that only ſlight reaſon which hee intimates, that the matter being contrived into ſuch a rationall or artificiall diſpoſure of parts, the immediate Artificer thereof muſt have animadverſion and reaſon in it, is only ſaid, not proved, and will reach no further, but that the *ratio ſeminalis*, muſt at leaſt proceed from ſomething that is knowing, and be in ſome ſenſe rationall, but not have Reaſon and Animadverſion in it ſelf. The like confidence and ignorance is repeated and inſiſted upon in the 16 and 17 pages: but I let them paſſe.

Pag. 18, 19.

Theſe pages contain a certain preachment, which would have done well if it had been from ſome one that had more wit in knowing when to preach and when to hold his peace, and more charity to abſtain from ſuch undeſerved chidings of *Ariſtotle*. But your unmeaſureable and unmercifull chaſtiſings of him, and ſo highly advancing and ſoothing up your ſelf in your own windy conceits

conceits and fluttering follies make all your ſerious applications ridiculous and ineffectuall.

Pag. 20.

Petition of St. Auguſtine, A logica libera nos Domine, lin. 7. Aſſuredly, *Philalethes* ever ſince the Church Litanie was put down has uſed this of St. *Auguſtine*, and that with ſuch earneſtneſſe and devotion that hee has even extorted from Heaven the full grant of his Petition, and has become as free and clean from all ſenſe and reaſon, as hee is luxuriant and encumbred with diſturbed and unſetled fancies and undigeſted imaginations.

Pag. 21.

Lin. 3. *Theſe three Principles are the Clavis of all Magick, &c.* Here *Philalethes* like the Angell of the bottomleſſe Pit, comes jingling with the Keyes of Magick in his hands. But hee opens as Hokus Pokus do's his fiſts, where we ſee that here is nothing and there is nothing. But ſomething he will ſeem to ſay, *viz.* That the firſt Principle is *one in one, and one from one.* Hee that has ſo many years ſo devoutly pray'd againſt Logick, doe

doe you expect when he ſpeaks to hear reaſon? This is as much as to ſay nothing. One in one and one from one? Suppoſe a ripe Apple ſhould drop into the rotten hollow of the tree that bore it. Is this Apple your myſterious Magical principle? It may be that as well as any thing elſe by this deſcription. For it is one Apple in one hollow, from one tree. O but hee addes. *It is a pure white Virgin.* Some religious Nun I warrant you. No ſhee may not be a Nun neither. For ſhee is *uxor Dei & ſtellarum.* It ſeems then, there is a kinde of *Plato's* Common-wealth, betwixt God and the Stars, and they have community of wives amongſt them. But if ſhee be ſo pure a Virgin wife as you make her, how come ſome of her Husbands to wear horns as they doe, *viz. Aries, Capricorn* and others? But is this to Philoſophize or to play the Theomagician, *Philalethes*! thus to tell us of virgins, or wives with white peticoats, or to tell us that from this one there is a deſcent into four, &c. This is but idle treading of the air, and only a ſymptome of a light ſwimmering phanſie that can have patience to write ſuch hovering undeterminate ſtuffe, as this, that belongs either almoſt

to

to any thing, or nothing. You even weary your Reader out, *Philalethes*! with ſuch Metaphyſicall dancings and airy fables.

Pag. 22.

Lin. 5. *This is a Labyrinth and wild of Magick where a world of Students have loſt themſelves*, And you, *Philalethes*! have not ſcaped ſcot-free. For you have loſt your reaſon before as I told you, and your ſo much and ſo confidently converſing with meere Unities and Numbers, which in themſelves deſign nothing, will teach you in time, to ſpeak words without any inward phantaſm of what you ſay. So that you ſhall bid fair for the looſing of your phanſie too, and then you will bee as you are near it already, *Vox, præterea nihil*, a mere noiſe and clatter of words.

Lin. 13. *It moves here below in ſhades and tiffanies*, &c. What a deſcription is this of the Magicians fire? I ſuppoſe you mean the Magicians *Thus*. It *moves in ſhades*, that is, (for the text is very dark and wants a Commentary) in the Evening or Twilight. *Tiffanies*, is plain Engliſh, but *white etheriall veſtures*, muſt be white Peticoats and white Aprons, or elſe white Aprons upon Blew Peticoats, and that ſhee

shee is exposed to such a publick prostitution passing through all hands every one having the use of her body; this Theomagicians fire seems to me to be no other, then some very common strumpet. But if you mean any thing but a Strumpet, you have a wondrous infected phantie, that dresses up your Theomagicall notions in such whorish attire. But of a sodain my Theomagician has left those more grosse and palpable expressions, and now dances very high in the air quite out of the Ken of our eye, like some Chymicall Spirit that has broke its Hermeticall prison, and flown away out of the Artist's sight and reach: being far more invisible and thin now, then the finest Tissany that ever took his sight, and more arid and slight, then the fainteſt shade. I tell you once more; *Anthroposophus*! that *Ternaries*, and *Quaternaries*, and *Decads*, and *Monads*, and such like words of number have no usefull sense nor signification, nor vertue, if unapplyed to some determinate substance or thing. But our great Theomagician having no project in this writing that I see, but to amaze the world, contents himself onely to rattle his chain, and to astonish the rude and simple

ſimple as if ſome Spirit or Conjurer was at hand, and ſo thoſe words that are moſt ſonorous and conſiſt of the greateſt number of ſyllables, pleaſe him better, then what have more ſolid ſignification, and a more ſetled and ſober ſenſe.

Pag. 24.

Lin. 17. *Hee with the black Spaniell.* As for your *ador'd Magus* with the black Spaniell, and that dark Diſciple of *Libanius Gallus*, what I have ſaid to you already will ſerve here too. But my controverſie is with you onely, *Philalethes*! a ſworn enemy of Reaſon and *Ariſtotle*, and mee thinks you are very like your ſelf ſtill in the

27 *Pag.*

Lin. 22. *I am certain the world will wonder I ſhould make uſe of Scripture to eſtabliſh Philoſophy, &c.* Here, *Philalethes*, you ſeem ſelf-condemned even from your own ſpeech, being conſcious to your ſelf, that all the world will bee againſt you in this ſuperſtitious abuſe of the Scripture. For are you wiſer then all the world beſide in this matter, becauſe you have pray'd away all your Logick in St. *Auguſtines* Letanie?

Letanie? What profane boldneſſe is this to diſtort that high Majeſty of the holy Scripture to ſuch poor and pitifull ſervices, as to decide the controverſies of the World and of Nature? As well becoming it is, as to ſet pies and paſties into the oven with the ſacred leaves of the bible? This is but a fetch of imperious Melancholy and Hypocriticall ſuperſtition, that under pretenſe of being more holy would prove more Tyrannicall, and leave the underſtanding of man free in nothing at all, but bring in a philoſophy too, *Jure Divino!* And I can further demonſtrate to you (beſide what I have intimated from the tranſcendency of the Scripture and high ſcope and aim thereof) that the Scripture teacheth no ſecret or principle of Philoſophy, of which there is any doubt amongſt men in their wits. For either (as where it ſeems to ſpeak *ex profeſſo* of any ſuch things) it do's it ſo obſcurely that men rather father their own notions fetch'd from elſewhere, upon the Scripture; or elſe if it ſpeak more plainly and litterally, yet it being allow'd by all ſober men as well Jews as Chriſtians, (as it is indeed undeniably evident from the paſſages themſelves

selves in Scripture) that it speakes so ordinarily according to the rude and vulgar use and apprehension of men, there can bee no deciding collections in matters of Philosophy safely gathered out of it. Though I will not deny but that some Philosophick truths may have an happy and usefull illustration and countenance from passages in Scripture. And their industry is not to be vilified that take any pains therein. But I doe not beleeve that any man that has drove the proper use of the Scripture home to the most full and most genuine effect of it in himself, but will be so wise and so discreet, that hee will bee ashamed in good earnest to allow any such Philosophick abuse of. But questionlesse the Scripture is the beginner, nourisher and improver of that life and light which is better then all the Philosophy in the world. And he that stands in this light the firmer and fuller hee is possessed of it, he is the more able to judge both of Nature, Reason, and Scripture it self. But hee that will speak out of his own rash heat, must needs run the hazard of talking at randum. And this I make the bolder in charity to pronounce, be-

cause I observe that the reverentiall abuse, and religious miſ-application of the holy Writ to matters of Philoſophy, for which it was not intended, do's in many well-meaning men eat out the uſe of their reaſon, for the exerciſe whereof Philoſophy was intended. And hence ſo much ſpurious and phantaſtick knowledge multiplies now adayes, to the prejudice of mans underſtanding, and to the intangling him in vain and groundleſſe imaginations, fortuitouſly ſprung up from uncircumſpect Melancholy, dazled and ſtounded with the ſtreamings and flaſhes of its own pertinacious phanſie. Which ſometime is ſo powerfull as to over-maſter the Melancholiſt into a credulity, that theſe flarings of falſe light in his dark Spirit are not from himſelf, but from a Divine Principle, *the Holy Ghoſt*. And then bidding a dieu to Reaſon, as having got ſome Principle above it, meaſnres all truth meerly by the greatneſs and powerfulneſſe of the Stroke of the Phantaſme. What ever fills the imagination fulleſt, muſt bee the trueſt. And thus a rabble of tumultuary and craſſe repreſentations muſt goe for ſo many Revelations, and every heaving up by a

Hypochon-

Hypochondricall flatulency must bee conceited a rapture of the Spirit; they profeſſing themſelves to receive things immediately from God, when they are but the caſuall figurations of their anxious phanſie, buſily fluttering about the Text; which they alwayes eye (though they diſſemble it) as Hauks and Buzzards, flye they never ſo high, have their ſight bent upon on the Earth. And indeed if they ſhould not forge their phanſies into ſome tolerable ſuteableneſſe with the letter of the Scripture, they would never be able to beleeve themſelves, or at leaſt to beget beleef in others, that they are inſpired. And ſo that high conceit inſinuated into them by that wonderfull yet ordinary impoſterous power of Melancholy would fall to nothing, and they appear not ſo much as to themſelves either Prophets or inſpired. But this I have touched upon elſewhere. I will let it goe. Onely let me caſt in thus much: that he that miſ-beleeves and layes aſide clear and cautious reaſon in things that fall under the diſcuſſion of Reaſon, upon the pretence of hankering after ſome higher principle, (which a thouſand to one proves) but the infatuation of Me-

lancholy and a ſuperſtitious hallucination) is as ridiculous as if hee would not uſe his naturall eyes about their proper object till the preſence of ſome ſupernaturall light, or till hee had got a pair of Spectacles made of the Cryſtalline Heaven, or of the *Cælum Empyreum*, to hang upon his Noſe for him to look through. The truth is, hee that layes aſide Reaſon, caſts away one of the moſt Soveraign Remedies againſt all melancholick impoſtures. For I conceive it would bee very hard for men either to bee deluded themſelves, or to delude others by their conceited inſpirations, if they would expect that every Revelation ſhould bee made good either by ſound Reaſon, or a palpable and conſpicuous Miracle. Which things if they were demanded of the inſpired people when they come to ſeduce, ſurely they would ſneak away like the common Fidlers, being asked to play a Leſſon on the Organs, or on the Theorbo.

Pag. 28, 29.

In the former page you could not part till you had made God and Nature myſteriouſly kiſſe. In this, you metamorphize

phize *Mercury* and *Sulphur* into two Virgins, and make the Sun to have more Wives then ever *Solomon* had Concubines. Every Star muſt have in it, *Uxor Solis*. But what will become of this rare conceit of yours if the Stars themſelves prove Suns? And men far more learned then your ſelf are very inclinable to think ſo. But now hee has phanſied ſo many Wives he falls preſently upon copulation helter skelter, and things done in private betwixt Males and Females, &c.

Verily, *Anthropoſophus*! if you had but the patience to conſider your own Book ſeriouſly, and examine what Philoſophick truth you have all this while delivered ſince your contemning of *Ariſtotle*'s definition of Nature, Form, and Soul, you ſhall find in ſtead of his ſober deſcription from the proper operations and effects of things, nothing but a dance of fooliſh and laſcivious words: almoſt every page being hung with Lawns and Tiffanies, and ſuch like Tapeſtry: with black Shadowing hoods, white Aprons and Petticoats, and I know not what. And this muſt bee a ſober and ſevere Tractate of *Anima Abſcondita*. As if the Soul were dreſſed in womans apparell, the better

to bee concealed, and to make an eſcape. And to as much purpoſe is your heaps of liquorſome Metaphors, of Kiſſing, of Coition, of ejection of Seed, of Virgins, of Wives, of Love-whiſpers, and of ſilent Embraces, and your Magicians Sun and Moon, thoſe two Univerſall Peers, Male and Female, King and Queen Regents, alwayes young and never old; what is all this but a mere Morris-dance and May-game of words, that ſignifie nothing, but that you are young, *Anthroposophus*! and very ſportfull, and yet not ſo young but that you are marriageable, and want a good wife that your ſenſe may bee as buſie as your phanſie about ſuch things thoſe, and ſo peradventure in due time, the extravagancy of your heat being ſpent, you may become more ſober.

Pag. 30.

Lin. 8. *It is light only that can be truly multiplied.* But if you tell us not what this light is, wee are ſtill but in the dark. I doe not mean whether Light bee a Virgin or a Wife, or whoſe Wife, or what clothes ſhee wears, Tiffanies or Cobweblawns, but in proper words what the vertue and nature of it is. Whether

Corpus

Corpus or *Spiritus*, Subſtance or Accident, &c. But, *Anthroposophus*! you doe no deſire at all to bee underſtood, but pleaſ your ſelf only to rant it in words, which can procure you nothing but the admiration of fools. If you can indeed doe any thing more then another man, or can by ſound reaſon make good any more truth to the World then another man can, then it is ſomething; if not, it is a mere noiſe and buzze for children to liſten after.

Pag. 31.

From this 31 page to the 41, you have indeed ſet down the moſt courageous and triumphant teſtimonies, and of the higheſt and moſt concerning truth that belongs to the ſoul of man, the attainment whereof is as much beyond the Philoſophers Stone, as a Diamond is beyond a pebble ſtone. But the way to this myſtery lies in a very few words, which is, a peremptory and perſiſtent unravelling and releaſing of the ſoul by the power of God, from all touch and ſenſe of ſin and corruption. Which every man by how much the more hee makes it his fincere aim, by ſo much the more wiſe and diſcret he will

appear, and will be moſt able to judge what is ſound and what is flatuous. But to deal plainly with you, my *Philalethes!* I have juſt cauſe to ſuſpect that there is more winde then truth as yet in your writings. And that it is neither from reaſon nor from experience, that you ſeem to turn your face this way; but high things, and fiery and ſonorous expreſſions of them in Authors, being ſutable to your Youthfulneſſe and poeticall phanſie, you ſwagger and take on preſently, as if, becauſe you have the ſame meaſure of heat, you were of the ſame Fraternity with the higheſt Theomagicians in the World. Like as in the ſtory, where the Apples and Horſdung were carryed downe together in the ſame ſtream, the Fragments of Horſdung cryed out, *Nos poma natamus*. Pardon the homelineſſe of the compariſon. But you that have flung ſo much dirt upon *Ariſtotle*, and the two famous Univerſities, it is not ſo unjuſt if you bee a little pelted with dung your ſelf.

Pag. 42.

Lin. 12. *I know ſome illiterate School-Divines, &c.* He cannot be content to ſay any

ny thing that he thinkes is magnificently ſpoken, but hee muſt needs trample upon ſome or other by way of triumph and oſtentation, one while clubbing of *Ariſtotle*, another while ſo pricking the Schoolmen and provoking the Orthodoxe Divines, that he conceits they will all run upon him at once, as the *Jewes* upon the young *Martyr* St. *Steven*, and ſtone him for his ſtrange myſteries of his Theomagick ſtone. Truly, *Ambroſophus*! there are ſome good things fall from you in your own ſtyle, and many cited out of conſiderable Authors, but you doe ſo ſoil and bemar all with your juvenile immoralities and phantaſtries, that you loſe as much in the one as you get in the other.

Pag. 44.

Lin. 4. *The Scripture is obſcure and myſticall, &c.* And therefore ſay I, *Philalethes*! a very uncertain foundation to build a Philoſophy on; but indeed ſuch a myſticall Philoſophy as you would build, may be erected upon any ground, or no ground, may hang as a caſtle in the air.

Pag.

Pag. 45.

Lin. 3. *I never met in all my reading but with six Authors, &c.* But how doe you know that these six did perfectly understand the Medicine, and this stupendious mystery, unlesse you understood it perfectly your self? So that you would intimate to the world that you do perfectly understand it.

Lin. 25. *After this the material parts are never more to bee seen.* This is the Nature of the Medicine, not to rectifie a visible body but to destroy it. Like the cure of the head ake, by cutting off the neck. Death indeed will cure all diseases. But you will say this is not death but a change or translation. Nor the other a medicine, but *Spiritus medicus.* So that in multitude of words you doe but obscure knowledge.

Pag. 46.

Lin. 5. *Boy mee out of countenance, &c.* Here *Philalethes* is mightily well pleased to think that one of his greennesse of yeares should arive to this miraculous ripenesse and maturity of knowledge in the most hidden mysteries of Theosophy. And comparing

paring himſelfe with the Reverend Doctours, findes the greateſt difference to be this, that they indeed have more beard, but hee more wit. And I ſuppoſe he would intimate unto us, that they have ſo little wit that they know not the uſe of their own limbs. For if he make their beards their crutches, they cannot ſcape going on their heads, as if they were not inverted but rightly poſtured Plants, or walking *Stipites*. In good truth you are a notable Wagg, *Philalethes*!

Lin. 10. *Let mee adviſe thee I ſay not to attempt any thing raſhly.* And I commend your wit, *Anthropoſophus*! in this point. For you are ſo wary of putting your finger into the fire, that like the Monkey you will rather uſe the Cats foot then your own, as you will evidently ſhow anon.

Lin. 22. *Orandum eſt ut ſit mens ſana in corpore ſano.* Keep your ſelf there *Philalethes*! 'Tis a great deal better peece of devotion then that of *Auguſtine*, *A logica libera nos Domine.*

Pag. 48. 49.

Lin. 22. *This is the Chriſtian Philoſophers Stone*, And, *this is the white Stone.* Which

Which you, *Philalethes*! have covered over with so much green mosse, that you have made it more hidden then ever before. Having little will and lesse power to show it, but in all likelyhood a great purpose of ostentating your self.

Pag. 49.

Lin. 10. *But Reader! bee not deceived in mee, I am not a man of any such faculties, &c.* I warrant you, *Anthroposophus!* I am not so easily deceived in you. You have walked before me in very thin transparent Tiffanies all this while; or, if you will, danced in a net. I suspected you from the very first that you would prove so good and so wise as you now plainly professe your self. But that you are no better then you are, you say is because God is no debter of yours. Why! do's God Almighty runne so much in some mens Arrears that hee is constrain'd to pawn to them that precious Jewell, or to give them the *White Stone* to quit scores with them? How far is this from Popery *Philalethes!* that you seem elsewhere so much to disclaim?

Lin. 13. *I can affirm no more of my self, &c.* Right! *Philalethes*! Right! Your phansie

phanſie was never ſo happy as in tranſfiguring your ſelfe into a Wooden Mercury, that points others the way, which it ſelf knows not, nor can ever goe, but ſtands ſtock ſtill.

Lin. 18. *Shew mee but one good Chriſtian, &c.* Why then! it ſeemes *Philalethes*! that you are no good Chriſtian your ſelf, and uncapable of the ſecret you are ſo free to impart to others. Or it is your diſcretion to attempt nothing your ſelf raſhly, but as I ſaid before, to doe as the Ape or Monkey, take the Cats foot to rake the Cheſnut out of the fire. But being more ſolicitous of ſeeming a profound Naturaliſt then a good Chriſtian, hee tells us in the

50 *Pag.*

An obſcure Ænigmaticall ſtory of attaining the Naturall celeſtiall Medicine, and that without any retractation, as if hee himſelf had been a potent and ſucceſſefull Operatour in the myſtery. But let mee once more take notice of the fondneſſe of this affected obſcurity in words, that no man be any whit taken with that ſleight of Impoſture, and become guilty of that paſſion of fooles, cauſeleſſe admiration.

tion. For the moſt contemptible notion in the World, may bee ſo uncertainly and obſcurely ſet out by univerſall and hovering tearms taken from Arithmetick and Geometry, which of themſelves ſignifie no reall thing, or elſe from the catachreſticall uſe of the termes of ſome more particular and ſubſtantiall Science, that the dark dreſſe thereof may bring it into the creditable ſuſpicion of proving ſome venerable myſtery, when as, (if it were but with faithfulneſſe and perſpicuity diſcovered and expoſed to the judgment and free cenſure of ſober men) it would bee found but either ſome ſorry inconſiderable vulgar truth, or light conjecturall imagination, or elſe a ghaſtly prodigious lye. But ſay in good ſadneſſe, *Philalethes*! is not all this that you tattle in this page, a mere vapour and tempeſtuous buzze of yours? made out of words you meet in Books you underſtand not? and caſuall phanſies ſprung from an heedleſſe Brain? Is it any thing but the activity of your deſire to ſeeme ſome ſtrange myſterious Sophiſt to the World? And ſo to draw the eyes of men after you? Which is all the Attraction of the Star-fire of Nature you aim at, or can hope

hope to bee able to effect. Did your Sculler, or ſhittle Skull ever arrive at that Rock of Cryſtall you boaſt of? Or did you ever ſaving in you phanſie, ſoil that bright Virgin Earth? did your eyes, hands or Experience ever reach her? Tell mee what Gyant could ever ſo luſtily ſhow you *Lincoln-Calves*, or hold you up ſo high by the eares, as to diſcover that *Terra Maga in Æthere Clarificata*? Till you ſhow your ſelf wiſe and knowing in effect, give mee leave to ſuſpect you a meere ignorant boaſter from your Airy unſetled words. And that you have nothing but fire and winde in your Brains, what ever your Magicall Earth has in its belly.

Pag. 51.

Lin. 6. *Hee can repeal in particular.* Now, *Anthropoſophus*! you make good what I ſuſpected, that is, that you doe not tell us any thing of this celeſtiall naturall Medicine, of your own Experience. For you being conſcious to your ſelfe of being no good Chriſtian, as you confeſſed before, and God having not given ſo full a charter to the Creature but he may interpoſe and ſtop proceedings, ſurely at leaſt

leaſt you had ſo much wit, as not to try where there was ſo juſt cauſe of fear of fruſtration and miſcarriage. So that you goe about to teach the World what you have not to any purpoſe learned your ſelf.

Lin. 27. *And who is hee that will not gladly beleeve, &c.* A moſt rare and highly rays'd notion. You reſolve then that holy expectancy of the Saints of God concerning the life to come, into that fond kind of credulity and pleaſant ſelf-flattery, *Facile credimus quod fieri volumus*, and yet you ſeem to unſay it again toward the end of this Period. And we will permit you, *Anthropoſophus*! to ſay and unſay, to doe and undoe; for the day is long enough to you, who by your Magick and celeſtiall Medicine are able to live till all your friends be weary of you.

Pag. 52.

In this whole page *Anthropoſophus* is very Gnomicall, and ſpeaks Aphoriſms very gracefully. But as morall as he would ſeem to bee, this is but a prelude to a peece of Poetick oſtentation, and hee windes himſelf into an occaſion of ſhewing you a Paper of verſes of his. If you doe but trace his

his steps, you shall see him waddle on like some Otter or Water-Rat & at last flounce into the River *Usk*. Where notwithstanding afterward he would seem to dresse himself like a Water-Nymph at those crystall streams, and will sing as sweet as any *Siren* or *Mermayde*. And truly, Master *Anthroposophus*! if that heat that enforces you to bee a Poet, would but permit you in any measure to bee prudent, cautiously rationall, and wise, you would in due time prove a very considerable Gentleman. But if you will measure the truth of things by the violence and overbearing of phanse and windy Representations, this *Amabilis insania*, will so intoxicate you, that to sober men you will seem little better then a refined Bedlam. But now to the Poetry it self.

Pag. 53.

'Tis day my Crystall Usk, &c. Here the Poet begins to sing, which being a signe of joy is intimation enough to us also to be a little merry. The four first verses are nothing else but one long-winded good-morrow to his dear *Iska*. Where you may observe the discretion and charity of the Poet, who being not resaluted again

by this Master of so many vertues, the River *Usk*, yet learns not this ill Lesson of clowniſhneſſe, nor upbrayds his Tutor for his Ruſticity. Was there never an Eccho hard by, to make the River ſeem affable and civill, as well as pure, patient, humble and thankfull?

Lin. 17. *And weary all the Planets with mine eyes.* A deſcription of the moſt impudent Star-gazer that ever I heard of, that can outface all the Planets in one Night. I perceive then, *Anthropoſophus!* that you have a minde to be thought an Aſtrologian as well as a Magician. But methinks, an Hill had been better for this purpoſe then a River. I rather think that your head is ſo hot, and your minde ſo ill at eaſe, that you cannot lye quiet in your bed as other Mortals doe, but you ſleeping waking are carryed out, like the *Noctambuli* in their dreams, and make up a third with *Will with the Wiſp*, and *Meg with the Lanthorn*, whoſe naturall wandrings are in mariſh places, and neer Rivers ſides.

Lin. ultima. *Sure I will ſtrive to gain a clear a mind.* Which I dare ſwear you may doe at one ſtroke! would you but wipe at once all your fluttering and fortuitous phanſie

phanſies out of it. For you would bee then as clearly devoid of all ſhew of knowledge, as *Ariſtotle's Abraja Tabula*, or the wind, or the flowing water of written characters.

Pag. 54.

Lin. 3. *How I admire thy humble bankes!* Why! be they lower then the River it ſelf? that had been admirable indeed. Otherwiſe I ſee nothing worthy admiration in it.

Lin. 4. *But the ſame ſimple veſture all the year.* This River *Iska* then I conceive, according to your Geography, is to bee thought to crawl under the Æquatour or ſomewhere betwixt the Tropicks. For were it in Great *Britaine* or *Ireland*, certainly the palpable difference of ſeaſons there, would not permit his banks to bee alike clad all the year long. The fringe of reed and flagges, beſides thoſe gayer Ornaments of herbs and flowers, cannot grow alike on your *Iskaes* banks all Summer and Winter. So that you phanſie him more beggerly then hee is, that you may afterward conceit him more humble then hee ought to be.

Lin. 5. *I'le learn ſimplicity of thee, &c.* That's your modeſty, *Anthropoſophus*! to ſay ſo: For you are ſo learned that you may be a Doctour of Simplicity your ſelf, and teach others.

Lin. 9. *Let mee not live, &c.* How mightily the man is raviſhed with the contemplation of an ordinary Water-courſe. A little thing will pleaſe you I perceive, as it do's children, nay amaze you. But if you bee ſo much inamoured on your *Iſka*, doe that out of love that *Ariſtotle* did out of indignation, embrace his ſtreames, nay drown your ſelf, and then you will not live. You are very hot *Anthropoſophus*! that all the cool air from the River *Iſka* will not keep you from curſing your ſelf, with ſuch mortall imprecations.

Lin. 11. *Why ſhould thy floods enrich thoſe ſhores, &c.* Why! how now! what's the matter, *Philalethes*! that you and the banks no better agree? If you could ſo ſoon fall into the River as you fall out with the ſhore, you would to your great honour, like *Ariſtotle*, be drown'd indeed. In good truth you a very fickle-headed Gentleman, *Philalethes*! thus in a moment to reproach what you did ſo highly admire even now, *viz.* the banks of *Iſka*, which

which you then made ſo ſimple, ſo humble, and ſo innocent, that you phanſied them an eximious pattern of thoſe vertues for your ſelf to imitate. But now all of a ſodain, your Poeticall rapture I ſuppoſe ſpoiling your memory, you fling dirt on thoſe banks that before you looked on as holy ground; and accuſe them of injury, tyranny, and cruelty againſt the ſtreams of your beloved *Yska*. But any ordinary Advocate may eaſily make good the Banks part againſt the River. For I ſay unto thee, O thou man of light imaginations! that the banks of *Yska* are juſt, in keeping but the ground that ever was alloted them; but where ever they have loſt ground, it is the violence and the uſurpation of the injurious River, that has worn them away and overrunne them in an hoſtile manner. Beſides I ſay, that the Bankes aforeſaid are very charitable and pious as well as juſt, and doe not return revenge for injury. For whereas the aforeſaid River, both by open force and ſecret undermining, doth dayly endeavour to wear away and deſtroy the Banks and encroach upon the neighbouring ground, (which attempt is as ſottiſh and fooliſh as unjuſt, for ſo the River

would be loſt and drunk up by the Earth, Nor can there be any River without banks, more then an Hill without a valley;) yet notwithſtanding all this provocation of the River aforeſaid, the banks are ſo patient, charitable, and of ſo Chriſtian-like nature, that they preſerve in being and good plight their inveterate enemy, and keep up that carefully and ſtoutly in its right form and perfection that dayly practiſes and plots their expected deſtruction. What doe you anſwer to this *Philalethes*! All that vertue and piety which you phanſie in the River, you ſee now plainly growing upon the banks. So that you may gather it, if you have a minde to it, without wetting your finger.

Lin. ultima. *Help mee to runne to Heaven, as thou doſt there.* Ha, ha, he! Why! I pray thee, do's *Iska* run to Heaven there? No it runs down into the Sea, as the Divels and the Heard of Swine did; whither I hope you doe not deſire to goe for company, *Philalethes!* But I wonder you being a whole day and a night on the banks of *Iska*, that no fiſh not ſo much as a ſmall Stittlebag has leapt up into your phanſie all this time. You might have learned many rare Lectures of morality from them too.

As

As for example; instead of due vigilancy you might learn from the fishes eyes never closing, to sleep and dream waking; or instead of being as mute as a fish when you have nothing to say, to say nothing to the purpose, or to expresse your self as unintelligibly as if you had said nothing. But these and the like accomplishments naturally growing in you, you wanted no outward emblemes to reminde you of them, so that I hold you here excusable. But before I leave this rare Poem of yours, let me only take notice thus far: that your Levity and Phantastry do's much eclipse the glorious suspicion of your Theomagicall Faculty. For it will seem very incredible that so light and phansifull a Poet, should ever prove a grave and wonder-working Magician.

Pag. 55.

Lin. 1. *This is the way I would have thee walk in &c. viz.* In Majestick Groves, and Woods, and by River sides. You are not then I perceive, an *Anti-Peripatetick*, *Philalethes*! though you bee so violent an *Anti-Aristotelean*. But with such pompous gravity to give such slight Precepts as of walking by Rivers sides and in Groves,

&c. argues more then enough of moping distempered Melancholy in you, and that it may, if you take not heed, make you indulge so much to delusive phansie, that you will be never able to set your eye again upon solid Reason, but range and ramble like one lost in a Wood.

Lin. 9. *To trust no Moderns but* Mich Sendivow, *and* Physica Restituta. How mightily are these two beholden to you *Philalethes*! if you had but so many grains of judgement and discretion as to make you able to passe sentence upon any considerable Authour. But what doe you mean by trusting? To give faith and credence to them as to Holy Writ? If so, I perceive you have also a Triplicity of Bibles, *viz.* the usuall one, *Mich. Sendivow*, and *Physica Restituta*. But we ordinary Mortalls hope to be as wise and as happy with our single one, as you with your advantage of three.

Lin. 13. *With the Whymzies of Des-Cartes.* This young man, has as little manners as wit, to speak thus reproachfully of the most admirable Philosophy, that ever yet appeared in these *European* parts since *Noahs* floud. Certainly, *Anthroposophus*! you are set upon it to demonstrate your self a pure pitifull Novice in Knowledge, whom only

ly Ignorance makes ſo magiſterially confident. But for thy want of due ſagacity, I will take thee by the Noſe, O *Philalethes*! with this one Dilemma, which ſhall pinch thee as hard, as St. *Dunſtan* did the roaring Fiend with a red-hot pair of tongs. Thus; Either thou haſt read *Des Cartes* his naturall Philoſophy, or thou haſt not. If thou haſt read it, thus to contemn it and term it a Whymzie, (whereas there was never any thing propoſed to the World, in which there is more wary, ſubtill, and cloſe contexture of reaſon, more coherent uniformity of all parts with themſelves, or more happy conformity of the whole with the *Phænomena* of Nature) is to proclaim to all that underſtand *Des-Carte's* Philoſophy, that thou haſt a very broken, impatient, and unſteddy Apprehenſion, or a very dull and ſlow wit, and ſuch as cannot diſcern when it lighteth upon what is moſt exactly rationall, and when not. But what is moſt exactly rationall, as his Philoſophy indeed is to any competent Judge of Reaſon, is leaſt of all whymzicall; but whymzies more naturally lodge in their brains that are looſly phanſifull, not in theirs that are Mathematically and ſeverely wiſe. So that this reproach

proach returnes upon thine own addle pate, O inconsiderate *Philalethes*! But if thou didst never read his Philosophy, and yet pronouncest thus boldly of it; that is not only impudently uncivill, but extreamly and insufferably unjust.

Pag. 56.

Lin. 6. *I will now withdraw and leave the Stage to the next Actour. Exit* Tom Fool in the play.

Lin. 8. *Some Peripatetick perhaps whose* Sic probo *shall serve mee for a Comedie.* So it seems if a man had seriously argued with you all this time, you would only have returned him laughter instead of a solid answer, and so from Tom Fool in the Play, you would have become a naturall Fool. But we have had the good hap to prevent you, and instead of *Sic probo's* to play the Fool for company, that is, to answer a fool according to his foolishnesse, that is, to rail and call names, and make ridiculous. Into which foolish postures as often as I have distorted my self, so often have I made my self a fool that you may become wise, and amend that in your self, that you cannot but dislike in me. Nor would I ever meddle

with you, as merry as I ſeem, but upon this and the like ſerious intentions. And muſt needs reckon it amongſt the reſt of your follies, that you expected that ſome ſevere *Peripatetick* would have laid battery againſt you, with ſyllogiſme upon ſyllogiſme, and ſo all confuted your Book, that there had not been left one line entire. But aſſure your ſelf *Philaletbes*! the *Peripateticks* are not altogether given ſo much to ſcolding, that they will conteſt with a ſhadow, or fight with the winde. Nor ſo good markſ-men as to levell at a Wilde gooſe flying. You are ſo fluttering and unſetled in your notions, and obſcure in your terms, that unleſſe yon will bee more fixt, and ſit fair,& draw your Woodcocks head out of the buſh or thicket, they will not be able to hit your meaning. Which I ſuſpect you will never be perſwaded to doe, that you may keep your ſelf more ſecure from Gunſhot.

Lin. 13. *And the beſt way to convince fooles, &c.* How wiſe *Anthropoſophus* is to what is evill! Here he makes ſure of calling him fool firſt who ever ſhall attempt to write any thing againſt his Book. But it is no ſuch miſchief, *Anthropoſophus*! to bee called fool. The worſt jeſt is when a man

man is so indeed. And if you had but the skill to winnow away all the chaffe of humorous words, and uncouth freaks and fetches of phansie, and affected phrases, which are neither the signes nor causes of any wisdom in a man, all that will be left of this learned discourse of yours; will prove such a small moity of that knowledge your presumptuous minde conceited to be in her self, that you would then very sadly of your owne accord (which would bee your first step to become wise indeed) confesse your self a Fool. And this I understand of your knowledge in Nature. Now for that in Morality; It is true you often take upon you the gravity to give precepts of life, as especially in the 52 and 55 pages of this Tractate. But you doe it so conceitedly, with such chiming and clinching of words, Antithetall Librations, and Symphonicall rappings, that to sober men you cannot but seem rather like some idle boy playing on a pair of Knick-knacks, to please his own ear and phansie, then a grave Moralist speaking wholesome words and giving weighty counsell of life and manners. So that the best that you do, is but to make the most solemn things ridiculous, by your

Apish

apish handling of them. I suppose because a Religious Humour has been held on in some Treatises, with that skill and judgement, or at least good successe, that it has won the approbation and applause of most men, an eager desire after fame has hurried you out upon the like attempt. And though you would not call your Book *Religio Magici*, as that other was *Religio Medici*: yet the favourable conceit you had of your own Worth, made you bold to vie with him, and in imitation of that, you have stuffed your Book here and there with a tuft of Poetry, as a Gammon of Bacon with green hearbs, to make it tast more savourly. But all will not doe, poor *Magicus*! For now your designe is discovered, you are as contemptible as any Juggler is before him, that knows all his tricks aforehand. And you run the same fortune that *Æsops* Asse, who ineptly endeavouring to imitate the Courtship and winning carriage of his Masters fawning and leaping Spaniell, in stead of favour found a club for his rude performance. But you, *Magicus*! do not only paw ill-favouredly with your fore-feet, but kick like mad with your hinder-feet, as if you would dash out all the *Aristoteleans* brains.

And

And doe you think that they are all either so faint-hearted, that they dare not, or so singularly moralized, that *Socrates* like, if an Asse kick, they will not kick again? Yes certainly next to your self they are as like as any to play the Asses, and to answer you kick for kick, if you will but stand fair for them. But you have got such a Magicall sleight of hiding of your head, and nipping in your buttocks, like the Hob-gobling that in the shape of an Horse dropt the children off one by one of his tail into the water, that they cannot finde you out nor feel where about you would be, else certainly they would set a mark upon your hinder parts. For if I, my dear *Eugenius*! who am your brother *Philalethes*, am forced out of care and judgement to handle you so seeming harshly and rigidly as I doe, what doe you think would become of you, *si incideres in ipsas Belluas*, if you should fall amongst the irefull *Aristoteleans* themselves? would you be able to escape alive out of their hands? Wherefore good brother *Philalethes*! hereafter be more discreet, and endeavour rather to be wise then to seem so, and to quit your self from being a fool, then to phansie the *Aristoteleans* to be such.

FINIS.

Vpon the Authors generous desigme, in his Observations, of discovering and discountenancing all mysteriously masked non-sense, and impostorous phansie; the sworn Enemies of *Sound-Reason*, and Truth.

NObly design'd! let not a Sunday sute
Make us my *Gaffer* and my *Lord* salute:
Nor his Saints cloathes deceive, O comely dresse!
Like to a *Long-Lane* Doublets wide excesse.
How like a Sack it sits? Less fat would fit,
Did he proportion but his garb and Wit.
The Wight mistakes his size, each Wiseman sees
His mens *Fourteens* shrink to a childrens *Threes*.
Fill out thy title, man! think'st thou canst daunt
By pointing to the sword of *Iohn* of *Gaunt*?
Thou canst not wield it yet; an empty name
Do's no more feats then a meer painted flame.
Rare Soul! whose words refin'd from flesh and blood
Are neither to be felt nor understood:
But if they sacred be, because not sense,
To *Bedlam*, Sirs! the best Divines come thence.

Your new-found Lights may like a falling Starre
Seem heav'nly Lamps, when they but Gellies are.
And high swoln Wombs bid fair, but time grown nigh
The promis'd birth proves but a Tympanie.
Should Superstition, what it most doth fly,
Seek to take shelter in Philosophy?
And Sacred Writ, sole image of sure truth,
Be pull'd by th' nose, by every idle youth?
And made to bend as seeming to incline
To all the fooleries hee'l call Divine?
Find out the Word in *Scripture*; all is found:
Swarms of Conceits buzze up from this one ground.
As if the Cobler all his trade would show
From mention made of *Gibeon's* clouted shooe:
Or Bakers their whole Art at large would read
From the short record of the mouldy Bread,
Is this the *Spirit*? thus confus'dly mad?
Antipodall to him the *Chaos* had?
Fell boyst'rous blast! that with one *Magick* puff
Turns the Schools Glory to a Farthing snuff:
And 'gainst that ancient Sage the World adores,
Like to a *Lapland* Whirlewind loudly roares.
Yet from thy Travels in the search of things,
Ridiculous Swain! what shallow stuff thou bring'st!
What cloathes they wear, Vails, Tiff'nies, dost relate,
Thou art Philosophies *Tom Coriat*.
Else brave *Des Cartes*, whom fools cannot admire,
Had nere been sing'd by thy wild Whimzy fire.
Poore *Galen's* Antichrist, though one Purge of his
Might so unmagick thee as make thee wise.
Physick cures phrenzy, knows inspired wit
Oft proves a meer *Hypochondriack* fit.
Agrippa's Dog sure kennels in thy weambe,
Thou yelpest so and barkest in a dreame;
Or if awake, thou dost on him so fawn,
And bite all else, that hence his Dog th' art known.

But

But I will ſpare the laſh! 'twas my friends taſk
Who reſcuing Truth engag'd, put on this maſk.
Thus do's ſome carefull Prince diſguiſed goe,
To keep his Subjects from th' intended blow;
Nor could his lofty ſoul ſo low deſcend
But to uncheat the World; a noble end!
And now the night is gone, we plainly find
'Twas not a Light but rotten Wood that ſhin'd.
We owe this day (my deareſt friend) to thee,
All Eyes but Night-birds now th' Impoſture ſee.

J. T.

FINIS.